E CLARION.

TINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.]

soundness of his political econo-
correctness of all his meas-
may be stated, with truth, that
all, he looked to the integrity
endence, political and commer-
the nation. The energy of his
f it, gave to him the rank of
mpion of the protective tariff
though it was established before
into political life; and his argu-
its favor principally turn upon
tenance of the commercial in-
ce of the country. Yet, he
redded to it, and when its con-
menaced danger to the coun-
himself led the way in pulling it

nument to his memory upon
berland roads, bears testimony
rts in behalf of national works
l improvement. He was also
r of some important, and of
t and vital measures. He orig-
e scheme for the distribution
States, of the public lands;
author of the Missouri com-
nd of the adjustment of the
y agitation of the slavery sub-
se three measures were his own.
e struck off in the mint of his
The first of these measures
riticised, both as the movement
leader and a statesman, and
d to the condition of things
e, to understand its real merit,
justice to its author. Short-
the revolution, in the mag-
spirit of that immortal age,
ceded the lands to the gener-
ment, as a security for the pay-
e national debt. That debt
satisfied, when Mr. Clay's
as devised, and the treasury
owing with revenue. It was
sense of all parties, that the
should be withdrawn from the
pport of the general govern-
Congress was overrun with
o squander it. Some of
sserted the monstrous heresy
all, within their limits, by
ir sovereignty. Propositions
o States, companies and in-
were rife in each hall, and
y no other movement would
possible to rescue and pre-
e benefit of the Union, that
nd from squandering dissi-
onsidered without reference
nes of abandonment, which
eary, to oppose, the measure
pear to be founded on philo-
ndness and policy. In the
es, we have two circles of
with a common con-
The State and Federal
are organs of the same
y have separate and dis-
rs, different circles and
authority and action, but
and the same constit-
h governments are mere
while the living, breath-
the people, and the same
same men are citizens of
ent and the other. The
bear the burden, pay the
enjoy the benefits of them
governments are ideal ex-
ficial organs of one common
refore, it does not appear,
tly considered, to be sound
ical statesmanship, to give
through one organ, a por-
public revenue, when the
will be compelled to pay it
n a different shape to the
ns to be shifting a treasure
ket to the other, with some
ssage.

ered as a movement to pre-
eat fund from being squan-
the stroke of a statesman,
ctics of a party leader the
as most dexterous. The
upon the eve of a presiden-
and the disposition of the
s to the candidates a most
mbarassing question. Mr.
ents in the Senate, consti-
jority, determined to com-
with the subject, and in
remonstrances and votes of
his friends, they referred it
ttee upon Manufactures, of
s chairman—the last com-
House to which the sub-
opriate and germain. This
e subject, unjust as it was
m to take it up. If he
posed any of the numerous
rious purposes, somewhere
loss to him would ensue.
the proposition to cede the
ew States, he disgusted the
pposed it he offended the
e invention of the old par-
e to his rescue, and as his
he conceived the counter-
istribution among all the

other great occasions, when
tement shook the Union to
which I have referred, he
a mediator. He was the
Missouri Compromise, and
stment measures of the
on of 1850. The com-
ve cast of all his politi-
e total absence from his
anaticism upon any opin-
le, eminently fitted him for
d upon all dangerous ques-
s acted that part. When-
ng interests or opinions
ntegrity of the Union, he
s the harbinger and the
peace and conciliation.
retched condition of the
tle republics of South
le, demoralized, and con-
war with each other, tram-
every European power, and
e world; he was a mem-
nation; he loved his coun-
hole country, from North
the big lakes to the gulf,
ocean, from the sunrise to
nd every feeling of his
ought of his brain, revolt-
erment. It is enough to
of those measures, and it
alize the great statesman
them, that both the great
American people have
both, as a part of their

ome portion of his in-
fluence in the adjustment of those perilous questions arose from the entirely moderate and conservative character of his opinions upon that subject, and from the peculiarity of his position. He was a native and a representative of a slave State; he had never lived anywhere else, and while unflinchingly true, at all times and upon all points, to the rights of the Southern States, yet he considered slavery as a great though unavoidable evil. But he was in no degree impassioned and blinded in regard to it. He looked at the subject calmly and without exaggeration; not through the magnifying glass of religious fanaticism or distorted philanthropy, but with the calm eye of a practical statesman. He maintained the policy of gradual emancipation on both occasions that the subject was agitated in Kentucky, openly and vigorously; contending that the great numerical preponderance of the whites over the blacks in that State rendered their gradual emancipation and removal safe and easily attainable. At the same time he always declared that he considered all such schemes to be utterly impracticable in the planting States; and if a citizen of one of them, would oppose them all, because the numbers of the blacks would render their removal impossible, and their continual presence disadvantageous and perilous to the whites. He favored emancipation in Kentucky, while farther South he declared he considered it utterly impracticable. These views he urged and amplified at length, not only in the discussion of the question in his own State, but also in the United States Senate, while discussing the reception of petitions for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia. This position might also be referred to, as another illustration of the practical and completely relative character of all his political ideas. Doubtless, as an abstract proposition, considered without reference to its inevitable existence or the perilous consequences of its cessation, he was opposed to slavery; for liberty was the passion of his life. His own country and his own countrymen were the first and the principal object in his thoughts and in his heart; but his broad and extended philanthropy embraced the world. Even the degraded African slave, separated from his own race by a wide and impassable gulf, found him a well-wisher to his moral and mental elevation, when it could occur safely in a different land and other clime. Wherever abroad, freedom found a votary, that votary found in him a champion. When Greece, the classic land of Greece—the fountain of refinement, the birthplace of eloquence and poetry, and liberty—when Greece awoke from the long slumber of ages, and beat back the fading Crescent to its native East—when Macedon at last called to mind the feats of her conquering boy, and the Spartan again struck in for the land which had bred him, in Henry Clay's voice the words of cheering rolled over the blue waters from the far west, as the greeting of the New World to the Old.

When Mexico, and our sister republics of the extreme South, shook off the rotted yoke of the fallen Spaniard, and freedom's face for one brief moment gleamed under the pale light of the Southern cross, it was he spoke again to cheer and rouse its champions. The regenerated Greek, the dusky Mexican, the Peruvian mountaineer—all, who would strike one blow for liberty, found in him a friend and an advocate. His words of cheering swept over the plains of Marathon, and came ringing back from the peaks of the Andes. But that voice is now stilled, and his bright eye closed forever. He has gone from our midst, and the wailing of grief which rose from the nation, and the plumage of mourning which shrouded its cities, its hall and its altars, attest his countrymen's sense of their loss. He has gone, and gone in glory. From us rises the dirge; with him floats the pæan of triumph. By a beautiful decree and poetical justice of destiny, it was fated that the last effort of the Union's great champion should be made in behalf of the Union, in its last great extremity. He passed off the stage as became the Great Pacificator. His dying effort was worthy of and appropriate to him. When the fountains of the great deep of the public mind were broken up, and the fierce passions of sectional animosity tore over it, as the storms sweep over the ocean, it was from his voice that the words of soothing came forth, "Peace, be still." It was his last battle, and the gallant veteran fought it out with the power and the fire of his prime. The expiring light of life, though flickering in its last beams, blazed up to the fullness of its meridian lustre. There was no fading away of intellect, or gradual decay of body. Minds like his, and souls so fiery, are cased in frames of steel, and when they fall at last, they fall at once. The Union was not compelled to blush for the decay of the Union's great champion. Age had not crumbled the stately dignity of his form, nor reduced his manly intellect to the imbecility of a second childhood. He faded away into no feeble twilight; he sunk down to no dim sunset—but sprang out of life in the blaze of meridian fulness. He passed down into the valley of the shadow of death with all his glory unclouded, with all his laurels fresh and green around him. Not a spot obscures the lustre of his crest; not a sprig has been torn from his chaplet. "The dead Douglas has won the field." His dying ear rung with the applause of his country, and the hosannas of a nation's gratitude. Death has given to him the empire in the hearts of his countrymen, not fully granted to the living man,—and although it was decreed that the first honors of the nation should await him, its last blessings will cluster around his name. His memory needs no monument. He wants no mausoleum of stone or marble to imprison his sacred dust. Let him rest amid the tokens of the freedom he so much loved. Let him sleep on, where the whistling of the tameless winds—the ceaseless roll of the murmuring waters—the chirping of the wild bird—and all which speaks of Liberty, may chant his eternal lullaby. Peace be with thy soul, Henry Clay; may the earth lie light upon you, and the undying laurel of glory grow green over thy grave.

Household Conveniences.

Correspondence Country Gentleman.]

From an experience of years as a builder, I find a great lack of system in planning among farmers. When it comes to the erection of a house, if we are to take the description of the thought as we see it embodied in the country houses that dot the landscape, it is not strange that the dwellers in villages and city houses of comfort and beauty should call them places to live in instead of homes. It is often remarked by those from the country who visit friends in the village or city, especially the wives, mothers, and sisters, "How handy and convenient you do have everything about your house to save work! I wish our house could be as handy." The farmer may say, perhaps, "It costs money to have all these things." Well, so it does; but on which side of the account does the profit or loss come in the end? Farmers buy improved implements to save time and money, but rarely think that the time of the wife and daughter in their daily journeys to the woodpile, well or cistern, is worth the saving. He rarely thinks of the extra steps to the cellar and pantry, in the preparation of a single meal. He does not take into account the saving that would be accomplished if all the necessary adjudets of the household were in closer proximity to each other. I have often seen the woodpile at the farmer's house two or three rods from the kitchen door, and then not under roof; the well ten or twelve rods away, and sometimes down a steep hill, having been located there to save a few feet of digging (and this alone makes miles of extra traveling in the course of a year); the cistern with no other conviences for drawing water than a pail and rope. Is it any wonder that mother and daughter in such a farm house are tired out with extra labor and drudgery of household duties? The building of a good house by the thrifty farmer may perhaps have been long in contemplation; he may have considered how much money he intended to put into the structure, but the most important part, how to make it a home embodying comforts and conveniences, has been left entirely out of his calculations.

A mistake that the farmer often makes is that of imitating something that he has seen somewhere, that, so far as the exterior is concerned, he thinks just suits him. In his attempt to copy from it, he finds that the location as to frontage and all its surroundings is quite different in the two cases, and when too late he discovers that he has made a mistake. Frequently as much depends upon the location of a farm-house and its buildings for pleasing effects as the design of the building itself. We often see the dwelling on one side of the public highway, while on the opposite side are spread out barns and various other out-buildings, to reach which gates must be opened, and the dirty or muddy road crossed hundreds of times in the course of a year.

The guard duty at the tomb of the late President Garfield, which has been observed since he was interred at Lake View Cemetery, is not the pleasant thing it may seem. The post is not desirable. The burial ground is a lonely, solemn place, five miles from the city, and has the natural belongings of an uncanny place because of its hills and ravines. The soldiers, or at least the foreign-born soldiers, have a dread and horror of this asignment. Three to whom the detail was given at different times came into disgrace through drunkenness, incurred by drinking liquor to sustain their courage during their awesome night vigil. And now a strong, healthy young Polander has gone insane from the morbid fears that preyed upon him during the two months he had been on duty at the tomb.

To the Editor.

For the benefit of any of your readers who may be interested, I beg to say, from personal observation, that Bright's Disease of the kidneys is certainly curable. My friend, Mr. Joshua Futhill, of Saginaw, Mich., was attacked by it and was in a most critical situation. His family physician recommended him to take Hunt's Remedy, the kidney and liver medicine. He did so. His symptoms gradully subsided, and, at the end of a short time, entirely disappeared. He was completely cured, and is a well man to-day. Recommend your readers to try Hunt's Remedy.

Respectfully, AMOS G. TORREY.

The following anecdote of Alexander H. Stephens is related in the Louisville Courier-Journal: The wife of a western congressman was one day sitting by Mr. Stephens' bedside, when he was very ill in the winter of 1877, and he spoke quite freely to her of his mother and his early life. "Why did you never marry?" she asked. "That's my secret," he replied evasively. "But we would all like to know it," was her response. "Well," said he, grimly and reluctantly, "I never saw but one woman I wanted to marry, but she did not want to marry me. That's a good reason, isn't it?" "I hope she lived to regret her mistake," replied the kind heart. "Y-e-s," responded Mr. Stephens slowly, "I think she did, and so did I."

RAILROADS.

RAILROAD TIME-TABLE.

Vicksburg and Meridian Railroad.

Going East—Passenger, arrives 10:05, p. m., leaves 10:20 p.m.; Way Freight, on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, arrives 8:50 a. m.; leaves 9:20 a. m.; Through Freight, arrives 2:40 p. m., leaves 3:20 p. m.
Going West—Mail, arrives 3:20 a. m., leaves 3:40 a. m.; Express, leaves 7:40 a. m.; arrives from Vicksburg 5:00 p. m.; Way Freight, on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, arrives 5:45 p. m., leaves 6:15 p. m.; Through Freight, 8:45 a. m.; leaves 9:50 a. m.

JOHN SCOTT, Gen. Manager.
E. F. RAWORTH, Superintendent.
JNO. W. CLINMAN, Local Agent.

Natchez, Jackson & Columbus Railroad.

TRAINS GOING EAST.

No. 1, Mail, daily—Arrives at Jackson 8:40 p. m. Leaves Natchez 3:00 p. m.
No. 3, freight, daily except Sunday—Leaves Natchez 7:00 a. m., arrives at Jackson 5:10 p. m.

TRAINS GOING WEST.

No. 2, Mail, daily—Leaves Jackson 7:00 a. m. Arrives at Natchez 12:40 p. m.
No. 4, freight, daily except Sunday—Leaves Jackson at 8:00 a. m. Arrives at Natchez 6:00 p. m.

E. D. FROST, Gen'l Sup't.
C. O. JOHNSON, G. P. Ag't.

Illinois Central Railroad.

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

No. 2—Express, arrives 3:40—leaves 3:45 p. m.
" 4—Mail, arrives 12:35—leaves 12:40 a. m.
" 8—Mixed Train, arrives 5:25—leaves 5:40 p. m.

GOING SOUTH.

No. 1—Express, arrives 10:30—leaves 10:35 p. m.
" 3—Mail, arrives 3:30—leaves 3:35 a. m.
" 7—Mixed Train, arrives 8:30—leaves 8:50 a. m.

C. T. RUDD, Agent.
C. M. SHRAFF, Gen. Sup't.
HORACE W. CLARKE, Act'ng Div. Sup't.
J. W. COLEMAN, A. G. P. Ag't.
J. C. CLARKE, Prest. and Gen. Man'gr.

MEDICAL.

MISCELLANEOUS.